from Wm R. Potter
9/19/79
vols 4 & 5
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THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS.

HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR.

VOL. IV. NO. 1. WHOLE NO. 113. | NEW YORK, AUGUST 5, 1865. | $3.00 A YEAR. 6 CTS. A NUMBER.

THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS.

HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR.

Published at No. 64 NASSAU STREET, *New York City.*

PRICE, $3.00 A YEAR. 6 CENTS A NUMBER.

Advertisements, 15 Cents a line.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Man wants but little here below nor wants that little long.

ALIKE WITH A DIFFERENCE.—The Hotel Delavan in Albany and the Hotel de l'Havane in New York.

THE LAST ROWS OF SUMMER.—The late matches between the Cambridge boys and the Yale fellows well-met of New Haven.

ADVICE.—Never confide secrets to your relatives: blood will tell.

WALL STREET MAXIM.—In a multitude of Counsellors there is wisdom—but it is generally confined to two or three of them.

(*For the Saturday Press.*)

ARTEMUS WARD
ON
ARRAH NA POGUE.

You ask me, sir, to sling sum ink for your paper in regards to the new Irish dramy at Niblo's Gardin. I will do it, sir.

I knew your grandfather well, sir. Sum 16 years ago, while I was amoosin' and instructin' the intellectooal people of Cape Cod with my justly pop'lar Show, I saw your grandfather. He was then between 96 years of age, but his mind was very clear. He told me I looked like George Washington. He sed I had a massiv intellect. Your grandfather was a highly intelligent man, and I made up my mind then that if I could ever help his family in any way I'd do so. Your grandfather gave me sum clams and a Testament. He charged me for the clams, but threw in the Testament. He was a very fine man.

I therefore write for you, which insures your respectability at once. It gives you a moral tone at the word go.

I found myself the other night at Niblo's Gardin, which is now, by the way, Wheatley's Gardin. (I don't know what's becum of Nib.) I couldn't see not much of a gardin, however, and it struck me if Mr. Wheatley depended on it as regards raisin' things he'd run short of gardin sass. (N. B.—These remarks is yoomerous. The older I gro' the more I want to goak.)

I walked down the ile in my usual dignified stile, politely tellin' the people as I parsed along to keep their seats. "Don't git up for me," I sed. One of the prettiest young men I ever saw in my life showed me into a seat, and I proceeded to while away the spare time by readin' Thompson's BANK NOTE REPORTER and the comic papers.

The ordinance was large.

I tho't, from a cursiry view, that the Finnigan Brotherhood was well represented.

There was no end of bootiful wimin and a heap of good clothes. There was a good deal of hair present that belonged on the heds of peple who didn't cum with it—but this is a tickliah subjeck for me. I larfed at my wife's water-fall, which indoosed that superior woman to take it off and heave it at me rather vilently, and as there was about a half-bushil of it, it knockt me over, and giv me pains in my body which I hain't got over yit.

The orkistry struck up a toon, & I asked the Usher to nudge me when Mr. Pogue cum out on the stage to act.

I wanted to see Pogue, but strange to say, he didn't act durin' the entire evenin'. I reckin he has left Niblo's, and gone over to Barnum's.

Very industrious people are the actors at Barnum's. They play all day and in the evenin' likewise. I meet 'em every mornin', at 5 o'clock, going to their work with their tin dinner-pails. It's a sublime site. Many of 'em sleep on the premises.

Arrah Na Pogue was writ by Dion O'Bourcicolt & Edward McHouse. They rit it well. O'Bourcy has rit a cartload of plays himself, the most of which is fust-rate.

I understand there is a large number of O'gen'l'men of this city who can rite better plays than O'Bourcy does, but somehow they don't seem to do it. When they do, I'll take a Box of them.

As I remarked to the Boy who squirtid pepper-sass thro' a tin dinner-horn at my trained Bear, (which it caused that feroshus animal to kick up his legs & howl dismal, which fond mothers fell into swoons and children cride to go home because fearin' the Bear would leave his jungle and tear them from limb to limb,) and then excoosed himself (this Boy did) by sayin' he had done so while laborin' under a attack of Moral Insanity—as I sed to that thrifty yooth, "I allus incurridge geenyus, whenever I see it."

It's the same with Dan Bryant. I am informed there are better Irish actors than he is, but somehow I'm allus out of town when they act. & so is other folks, which is what's the matter.

ACK THE 1. Glendalo by moonlite. Irishmen with clubs. This is in 1798, the year of your birth, Mr. Editor. It appears a patriotic person named McCool has bin raisin a insurrection in the mountin districks, and is now goin' to leave the land of his nativity for a tower in France. Previsly to doin so he picks the pockit of Mr. Michael Feemy, a gov'ment detectiv', which pleases the gallery very much indeed, and they joyfully remark "hi, hi." He meets also at this time a young woman who luvs him dearer than life, and who is, of course, related to the gov'ment; and jus' as the gov'ment goes agin him she goes for him. This is nat'ral, but not grateful. She sez, "And can it be so? Ar, tell me it is not so thusly as this thusness wouldst seem!" or words to that effeck. He sez it isn't any other way, and they go off. Irish moosic by the Band. Mr. McCool goes and givs the money to his foster-sister Miss Arrah Meelish, who is goin' to shortly marry Shaun, the Lamp Post. Mac. then alters his mind about goin' over to France, and thinks he'll go up stairs and lie down in the straw.

This is in Arrah's cabin. Arrah says its all right, me darlint, och hone, and shure, and other pop'lar Irish remarks, and Mac. goes to his straw.

The weddin' of Shaun and Arrah comes off. Great excitement. Immense demonstration on the part of the peasantry. Barn-door jigs, and rebelyus song by McHouse called "The Drinkin' of the Gin." Ha, what is this? Soldiers cum in. Moosic by the Band. "Arrah," sez the Major, "you have those money. She sez, Oh no, I guess not. He sez, Oh yes, I guess you have. It is my own, sez she, and exhibits it. It is mine, sez Mr. Feeny—and identifies it. Great confusion. Coat is prodoosed from up stairs. Whose coat is this, sez the Major. Is it the coat of a young man secreted in this here cabin? Now this is rough on Shaun. His wife accoosed of theft, the circumstances bein very much agin her, and also accoosed of havin a hansum young man hid in her house. But does this bold young Hibernian forsake her? Not much, he don't. But he takes it all on himself—sez he is the guilty wretch, and is marcht off to prison.

This is a new idee. It is gin'rally the wife who suffers, in the play, for her husband; but here's a noble young feller who shuts both his eyes to the apparent sinfulness of his new young wife, and takes her right squarę to his boosom. It was bootiful to me, who love my wife, and believe in her, and would put on my meetin' clothes and go to the gallus for her cheerfully, ruther than believe she was capable of taking anybody's money but mine. My married friends, listen to me: If you treat your wives as tho' they were perfeck gentlemen—if you show 'em that you have entire confidence in them, believe me, they will be troo to you, most always. I was so pleased with this conduck of Shaun that I hollered out, "Good boy! Come and see me!" "Silence!" sum peple sed. "Put him out!" sed a sweet-scented young man, with all his new clothes on, and in company with a splendid waterfall, "put this old feller out!" "My young friend, I sed, in a loud voice, "whose store do you sell tape in? I might want to buy a yard before I go hum."

Shaun is tried by a Military Commission. Col. O'Grady, altho' a member of the Commission, shows he sympathizes with Shaun, and twits Feeny, the Gov'ment witness, with being a knock-kneed thief, &c., &c. Mr. Stanton's grandfather was Sec'y of War in Ireland at that time, so this was entirely proper. Shaun is convicted, and goes to jail. Hears Arrah singin' outside. Wants to see her a good deal. A lucky thought strikes him: he opens the window and gets out. Struggles with ivy and things on the outside of the jail, and finally reaches her just as Mr. Feeny is about to dash a large wooden stone onto his head. He throws Mr. F. into the river. Pardon arrives. Fond embraces. Tears of joy and kisses à la Pogue. Everybody much happy. Curtin falls.

This is a very hasty outline of a splendid play. Go and see it.

See the beautiful Josie Orton, whose brilliant eyes and sweet winnin' ways made me wish I was Shaun, the lamp-post, nayself, even without my parent's consent.

See Mr. Glenny, who is one of the quietest and Irishest of Irishmen—he is a fine artist and a fine singist, if there is one out of the operer.

See Mr. Scallan's powerful and admirable personation of the unpleasant little villain Feeny.

See the genial actor, Mr. Burnett, O'Grady whose tavern at Cincinnati I have often stopped at.

See Mr. Norton as the Secretary. He reminds me of Secretary Seward so much that I call him Bill every time I meet him.

See the excellent Mr. Peters, who is so good a cockney servant that we all want to go up on the stage and kick him a little.

In short, see all of 'em. Then go down to Wallack's, and see Dan Bryant, one of the best of living Irish actors, in Colleen Bawn. If you know of a better Irish actor, send him to me, postage paid, and I will keep him.

Yours, till then, A. WARD.

(For the Saturday Press.)

THE KINGDOM OF RESERVE.

BY ADA CLARE.

"LEAR.—Nothing can come of nothing; speak again.
"CORDELIA.—Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave my heart into my mouth. I love your majesty according to my bond; nor more nor less."—KING LEAR.

If there is one thing more unsparingly satirized and girded against than another, in these modern days, it is the one of impulsive or emotional speech. Words have been coined, or rather exceptional meanings fitted to existing words, in order to apply more effectively the torture of irony to it. We see it for instance afflicted with the definitive title of "gushing," than which no word could be a greater plague to a quality. So much has been said on the subject, that no one would think the absence of expression was the absolute pledge of depth of feeling. To be reserved is to be true as well as profound; to be reticent is to have infinities of unsaid wisdoms in concealment.

And yet what is there really to admire in the quality of reserve, unless it suggests the accumulation of thought, to be duly expressed when the time is ripe; or what is the value of reticence, unless it arises from such experience, both in emotion and its outward signs, that one has learned so thoroughly to master it, as to repress it in those moments where vivacity would be folly, tenderness would be vulgarity, and impulsiveness a want of self-respect.

It never seems to occur to most people, that silence sometimes proceeds from having nothing to say, rather than from a power of repressing speech; or that the much lauded faculty of self-restraint may be the offspring simply of emotional emptiness. A man may be a self-container, not because he is so great as to contain unsounded depths, but because he has precious little to contain.

However profound a man might be, it would be certainly a very useless depth, to say the least, if nothing were ever to proceed from it.

Of course it is the best of virtues in a body of water, (and so by analogy in a human character) to be deep, but it is wonderfully improved as to purity, if it have an occasional, if not a continual outlet.

It would be a curious study for some of the scholars to dig out of the past the root from which this intense worship of reserve sprang up to overshadow the whole Anglo-saxon tongue. For it is only among mass born English as to speech, literature, and customs that this perpetual altar-fire is kindled to the worship of the goddess of Reserve. If any one doubts this general worship, let him try exhibiting the simplest and most harmless traits of human nature in public places, and then watch the indignant consternation it will excite. When I speak of simple traits, I mean, to laugh when one is merry, or to express happiness, amusement, content, animal spirits, even by the language of the features. A party, in an English restaurant for instance, (when I say English of course I refer to all those where the English language reigns supreme) may feel pleased with themselves, with each other, with the viands, and all attending circumstances, but if they dare to express it by seeming lively, happy and merry, see how the frown of suspicion and contempt instantly lowers over them like a thunder-cloud charged with black and angry electricity. However contented, pleased, free from care they may be, they must look dissatisfied, afflicted, and gloomy, unless they desire to come under the adverse criticism of the majority of their fellow-beings.

The theatres too—they are supposed to be places of amusement, and that we go there to enjoy ourselves. No such thing. They are places of distress, and we go there to see how dismal we can look. I don't know about the upper gallery. I believe it to be the most sensible portion of the audience, from the way in which it leads us with signs of genuine appreciation and animation, but I know how people are expected to look in the fashionable parts of the house. The men are to look as if their minds were entirely absorbed in something else, (stocks and scrip perhaps,) and they were moreover shortly expecting an interview with the undertaker. The women are to look scornful, suspicious, and implacable. I take it on faith, these looks are very creditable to humanity, very dignified, and all that sort of rubbish, but they are certainly not very pleasant. I am pleased to record, however, an exception to this leaden uniformity, which may be remarked at such matinées as Edwin Booth's, for example. The young girls did permit themselves to be animated over his performances, and to gaze upon them with their lovely faces all alight with enjoyment and enthusiasm, and I am forced to confess that I loved them for it.

In my ignorance, let me ask, why, in a world where we are liable to lose our hair, get cheated in business, broken in heart, bereft of our property, and parted from our beauty, where we are liable to old age, death, and the neuralgia, do we take it upon ourselves to tenderly nurture gloom, and assume low spirits and repulsiveness to be the chief among the virtues? Do not our digestive organs and our complexions fade earlier and oftener than those of other nations; and has the cultivation of moroseness nothing to do with it?

Besides, this procrustean rule makes hypocrites of some of us. For my own poor part, I dote on a hearty "weep" over a tragedy, but it is an indulgence I grant myself but seldom. I generally set up St. Simeon Stylites in his most stolid moments, as the model of facial expression, and aim at it with an industry unworthy of so bad a cause. Again, see me in

a saloon after a theatre, with some dainty little morsel before me, for which I am glad and thankful to the kind providing fates, but do I show it? No, not I. I accept the understood formula that the table is a bier, from which I, a ghoul, am taking a ghoul's feast, and regulate my countenance accordingly. If this eternal laudation of grim reserve can make such a silly little hypocrite of me, how do I know but the same film of grave humbug is masking over other faces that would like to smile and seem cheerful.

This affectation of reserve does not exhaust itself in public places, but it extends through the whole line of domestic life, like the mildewed ear blasting its wholesome brothers. Expressions of feeling, "gushing," as it is cruelly called, are forbidden between friendly, parental, filial, or conjugal relations. However antagonistic we may be in other things, we are all united in a horror of *scenes*. I believe a scene means with us, the least laxness of rein given to the heart and its impulses. We choose to have our lives all levelled smoothly down with the great garden-roller of uniformity. And yet we see how nature varies her scenes with hill and vale. She is not afraid of bursting into a Vesuvius or a Niagara.

Judging from our own experience we know how a little burst of kindness, tenderness, or praise affects us; how it pierces straight to our hearts, unburdens, and sweeps them on their daily way, like a healthsome breeze which unfurls a chafing, idly flapping sail.

It is all very well for the husband, father, brother to have what is called a "sturdy" love for a woman, an affection that will bear up in tempests as well as calms; yet that is but a sad staunchness at best. For after all, women want to be cherished, comforted, cheered in the daily routine of life, rather than assured of protection in storm. Few people really encounter tempests in life; what they suffer from is the array of little weary ills, which everybody is too grave to alleviate. When true tempests come, we must stand alone; we may not look to human love, however strong, for help; and while tossed about on lonely seas look for succor only to Him who holdeth the waters in the hollow his hand.

Once in a while it happens whole nations give the lie to our pet theory, that goodness is synonymous with stolidity, and worth with dullness. Witness the Italian nation, which we had long considered effeminate, given over to trifles and frivolities, and quite incapable of any national virility. But when it was tried in the ordeal of war it arose and threw off its yoke, quietly, firmly, and without any of that sickening self-conceit, and laudation which other nations, priding themselves upon the possession of the whole panoply of manly virtues, have so often exhibited. In the face of that valor, simplicity, and earnestness which then wrapped all Italy as with a garment, does any one dare to call that nation worthless and effete? No, by the heads of a Cavour, a Garibaldi, I will answer no! And yet, were they not ever a romancing, singing, laughing, demonstrative, "gushing" people.

Just because *all* that glitters is not gold, people will have it, nothing that glitters is gold. The *glitter* of gold is as truly one of its inherent properties, as its denseness, solidity, rarity, and, in fact, quite as useful as any of them. Otherwise, tin and iron would be just as precious.

By this time, any reader I may have been so fortunate as to preserve thus far, will have concluded I have but one idea in nature—the babbling brook. But, indeed, I love still deep waters, if only because, under a pressure, they are capable of roaring the loudest, and rushing the fastest. Also, I revere that reticence which is the still, holy calm of a rich, mellowed nature. The reticence which covers up the well-spring of its feeling, that free from the dust of common things, it may be strong to flow in crystal streams, to the life that comes weary and athirst to it for comfort.

In all nature I know nothing finer than when a really true, highly-toned soul, in a moment of expansion, drops the veil, and for a brief moment makes visible its longings, ardors, aspirations. I love reticence, when I find it the soil where the seed of such moments can lie covered up until the time come for them to burst through and bloom.

I know well enough how much could be said on the other side of the question, and I know some of the things that should be said, but I am not going to say them. The other side is too strong already. Every one knows its virtues: even those who run may read them, but for its evils the majority of people are blind.

Before closing, I will refer to one of the most noted characters of the reserve school. I refer to Shakespeare's "Cordelia."

"Cordelia" believed silence to be the measure of truth, never seeming to remember that saying too little is often just as false as saying too much. She underrated her affection for her father as much as her sisters overrated theirs; and the one circumstance had as disastrous consequences as the other. That "Lear" was a horribly foolish old man we cannot doubt; but that "Cordelia" loved him better than her husband or her life the events of the play proved, when she came back for his sake to loose both of them. But she would sooner see herself banished, and him given over to a pair of female vultures than *tell* him so. She was untrue through the excess of her devotion to facts, and in her eagerness to fulfill the letter of the law, she violated its spirit. That the other sisters expressed so much, and felt nothing, does not shame me at all; that sort of artificial exuberance of speech no more resembles real expression of feeling than the rank, sickening weeds that run riot over the unkempt earth do the crowding sweetness of the violet and heliotrope beds. If once "Cordelia" had deigned to give words to that true depth of loving tenderness which welled beneath her breast, the spurious passion of her sisters would, in its light, have glared with brazen and bawdy falseness. Her father wished not only to be loved, but he wished to have sweet verbal pledges of it. He wanted her, in other words, to "gush," and had she but "gushed," she would have been beside him, in possession of the greater part of his kingdom, to succor him; to keep the rapacity and cruelty of her sisters in check. He would not have been turned into the storm houseless by night; she herself had not died an ignominious death, and the world would have been deprived of the sublimest tragedy recorded in the literary annals of this planet.

THE POOR HOUSE.

BY N. P. ROGERS.

A word on this delightful manifestation of the tender mercies of Corporation. For Corporation has its loves, as well as its hates—its good-will as well as its ill. When it hates, it punishes, and with as little misgivings as the rack feels—or the wheel, when a victim is broke upon it. Corporation hates and loves but never pities. Its love is of a peculiar kind,—but it hasn't any pity at all—not having in it any pitying timber. It has no more "bowels of compassion," for instance, than a threshing machine, or a steam engine. When it gets *put out* with a man, it will fine him, or shut him up, the matter of thirty days or sixty. If it gets *vexed*, it will shut him up for years—part of the time, "solitary;" *angry*, shut him up for life; and downright *mad*—as it sometimes gets, when its "peace and dignity," are touched it will hang him. In old times, it would "draw and quarter."

But it loves, as well as hates—and when it is affectionate it shows it by sending a man to the Poor House! Now, this is a little worse than sending him to the State Prison, or to the gallows. He rather, almost—"go to Hell." But that, perhaps, is a strong statement. He certainly rather, to purgatory. So it is a misfortune to a man, for Corporation to fall in love with him. He better incur its hatred. I know of but one circumstance, that awakens its love, and that is, Poverty. Corporation thinks a little worse of Poverty, than of what it calls crime—and accordingly visits Poverty, with its *affection!* It has provided Penitentiaries for its criminals—but for its paupers, the Poor House. Its object seems to be to inspire its individual members, with a greater horror of poverty, than of death, or even of crime against its own "dignity and peace." The last place mortal man can think of, is the Poor House. Before he can come to think of that, as his fate, his self-respect and hope must leave him, and his spirits be broken down and clean gone. He must be reduced to be willing to beg from door to door—to beg at the doors of his enemies, (once his enemies) and to rid them of his importunity, Corporation sends him to the Poor House.

And yet the Poor House is called a *Charitable* institution. It is charitable, after a sort. It is *public* charity. It is all the charity, mankind can have when they throw themselves into the *public* form. There is a sort of hideous semblance of compassion in it, for it feeds and clothes and shelters. And when the object of its fondness dies, it buries. It buries, for the same reason it relieves—*to get rid of* a man. It buries him to get him out of the way and out of sight, (which is tolerably well,) and it sends him to the Poor House for the same reason. It can't bear to "see him suffer." It has as much regard for his comfort, and as much of an idea that he can have comfort, when it is consigning his Pauper remains to the most ignominious of all graves—as it has when it commits his live body to this most ignominious of all receptacles for the living. They have a funeral march in England, called "the Pauper's Drive." It illustrates the *sorrows* of the Work House, over the remains of its dead inmates, on its march to the grave—

or rather on its *drive* thither, for the pauper funeral movement isn't *slow*. They can't afford the time. The funeral march of the Pauper is a "quick step." I should like to hear the "Pauper's drive" to the Poor House, sung, as well as his drive to the "narrow house." The air of it wouldn't be apt to be quite so lively,—for the singers and composers have got him to maintain a while. When they drive him to his long home, the expenses are drawing to a close, and the air is merryish. Won't some Poet—(Pierpont, if he would,) write "The Pauper's march to the Poor House—I don't know to what tune. The Hutchinsons must sing it, as they have sung the "Drive" to the grave. I was going to say to the grave-*yard*. But the Pauper don't go to the grave-yard. His long home isn't among folks, any more than his temporary one. They bury him "out-side."

If Pierpont would write a Drive to the Poor House and the Hutchinsons sing it—(they'll make a tune to it) it will shake the poor old Poor House on its underpinning.

Can any body bear the idea of being sent to the Poor House? Can they not, with infinitely more composure, contemplate their grave—even if the time for going there were fixed, and near at hand? The grave indeed is a friendly place. It is, in fact, an asylum. No one should dread it or be sombred in the least at thought of it—for himself or friends. Even with a view to "that something after death"—"that undiscovered country," of which the stage speaks so eloquently and fearfully. To the heart that is well employed, they no more "puzzle the will" than a night's sleep or its "perhaps dreams." When we are tired, sleep is any thing but frightful. When we have done living—if we don't kill ourselves or have the Doctor, what they call Death comes no more unwelcome. And if we all lived righteously I dont believe it would *painfully* afflict the surviving. So inevitable a matter could not be a painful one in any decent arrangement of things. No Being, worthy the name of Providence, would subject mankind to an end so deserving the name of doom, or fate. A proper life will have a pleasant termination.

But, speaking of Poor Houses—would any man love to have his mother sent there? Could he think of her there—or of himself, as her son? Could he contemplate their relationship? Wouldn't he rather have her in the grave, infinitely? Not to have her so destitute as to need pauper relief, but to have her experience the *relief*. It isn't the poverty—the destitution—the hunger, nakedness, cold—and all that. These are severe enough—but they are natural to us in certain circumstances. It isn't the poverty—but the *pauperism* that is so abhorrent to the spirits. Not the disease, but the remedy. And if nobody can bear it, ought any body to consent to have it inflicted? Should it be *provided?* Should the people inflict it on one another? Good God—is Poverty such a mortal offence that it should be punished at such a rate!

Why, what would you do, Mr. Croaker,—Mr. Anti-Corporation, what will you do with the poor—will you let them starve in the highway? I ask, in reply—what would you like to have done to your wife or mother—or your daughter—in the hour of need; or to yourself? Can you think of any relief you could receive with satisfaction? Is there no mode of delicate, affectionate kindness, that a generous heart could bear to experience? You have heard of the vulgar old saying—"Do as you would be done by"—It used to be preached—not in pulpits—but on hill side and lake shore. Suppose you try that, instead of the Poor House? Have the *Town* try it, do you mean? No—not the town. The town's highest idea of charity is *pauperism*. I wouldn't hold a town answerable above that. I wouldn't have the town do any thing about it—or have much of any thing myself to do with the town. But this I can't go farther into now.

But what will you do with the poor? That is not for me to say. I ask you if it is right for you to send them to the Poor House? Can't you do any better with them than that? Can't the people in this world contrive a better fate for themselves, (for they are every soul liable to it) than this? Folks that can invent all manner of inventions—that can travel the sea and the dry land with the Steam Spirit—and send word to and fro across the Continent, in the twinkling of an eye, along the wires of the telegraph, can't they hit upon a gentler mode of *consolation* to their heart-broken poor, than *Pauperism*. Hadn't they better try their wits once more. This Poor House is getting to be old fashioned. It is behind the age. Yankee ingenuity might transcend it. Supposing the people try it! I only suggest it. One thing I will add. You better have no public provision about it, than have this. Perhaps you better have no public provision at all. Let Poverty have its chance with individual humanity. And if that fails, let it have the consolation of dying in the street, among folks—an honorable death. God save the Poor from Corporations' charities and tender mercies. They are "cruel."

NELL GWYNN.

BY FRANK B. GOODRICH.

The horoscope of Nell Gwynn's nativity, still preserved in the Museum at Oxford, states that she was born in London on the 2d of February, 1650. Her father, as was proved a century afterwards, was Captain Thomas Gwynn, of the army, the descendant of an ancient family in Wales. A cellar in the Coal Yard in Drury Lane was undoubtedly the spot in which she first saw the light—though probably there was little enough to see. Her associations must have been of the most degrading kind; for the Coal Yard, then an obscure and infamous resort, afterwards became notorious as one of the residences of Jonathan Wild. Her first occupation, when perhaps ten years old, was that of bar-tender, "to fill strong water to the gentlemen," as she herself expressed it; and her second was to sell oranges at Drury Lane Theatre, standing, with her fellow fruit-venders, in the front row of the pit, with her back to the stage. The familiar cry, "Oranges, will you have any oranges?" must have come clear and invitingly from the lips of Nell Gwynn. The theatres had been closed for twenty-three years, during the wars of the Protectorate and the exile of the sovereign. They reopened with the restoration of Charles II. in 1660, with a splendor altogether unusual in those days, and to an eager and enthusiastic public. The old craved for an amusement they had long been denied, while the young were feverishly interested in the revival of an entertainment they had heard so praised. Two new theatres were built, the King's, or Drury Lane, erected on the site of the present edifice, and the Duke's, in Portugal Row.

Two features added new zest to the fervor of the theatrical revival; Charles II. was the first English monarch who visited the playhouse and witnessed a performance there, his predecessors having invariably summoned the players to the halls or cockpits attached to their palaces; and during his reign, women's parts were, for the first time in the history of the British stage, enacted by women. The stage was lighted with wax candles; the pit was uncovered, for the sake of light, as the performances commenced at three in the afternoon, so that, in case of rain, that part of the audience arose in disorder and went home. The dresses were magnificent; for the king, the queen, and the duke gave their coronation-suits to the actors, and the gentry contributed their court and birthday equipments which had been worn but once. Local scenery was also now for the first time introduced.

Drury Lane opened on the afternoon of the 8th of April, 1663, Miss Eleanor being a girl of thirteen. In her capacity as orange-girl, she owed deference and obedience to a superior known as Orange Moll. It was thought beneath the character of a gentleman to chaffer with the fruitwomen over the price of their goods, but it was deemed eminently becoming to bandy words with them and to exchange equivocal jests.

The first mention of Nell Gwynn in English literature occurs in Pepys' Diary for Monday, the 3d of April, 1665. Pepys was at the Duke's Theatre, and mentions the fact that he sat next to "pretty witty Nell of the King's House," as the only redeeming feature of the entertainment. Nelly had now become an actress herself, though by what means or through whose influence we are not informed, even by the omnipresent Pepys. We know little or nothing of her during the plague and the great fire of London of the year 1666; but she again appears in the diary on the 8th of December, 1667, in the character of Lady Wealthy, in "The English Monsieur," a comedy written for Nelly by the Hon. James Howard. Pepys thus commends the play and the players: "To the King's House, and there did see a good part of the English Monsieur, which is a mighty pretty play, very witty and pleasant. And the women do very well; but above all, little Nelly; that I am mightily pleased with the play, and much with the house, the women doing better than I expected; and very fair women." His next reference to her, somewhat later, runs thus: "Mrs. Kneps brought to us Nelly, a most pretty woman, who acted the great part of Celia to-day very fine, and did it pretty well. I kissed her, and so did my wife, and a mighty pretty soul she is." He concludes the day's chronicle with an improving summary of all he had done during the twenty-four hours, "specially the kissing of Nell.'

Dryden now claimed the services of the young actress in his new tragi-comedy of "Secret Love, or the Maiden Queen," the plot

of which had been suggested to the poet by the king. It was performed on the afternoon of the 24 of February, 1668. Mr. Pepys was of course present, and thus records his opinion: "The truth is, there is a comical part done by Nell, which is Florimel, that I never can hope ever to see the like done again by man or woman." Her part, though arduous, must have been an unusually attractive one, for we are told that she was constantly on the stage; that her dialogue was loose, merry, and rattling; that she went mad in one act, appeared in male attire in another, and danced a jig in the fifth. She also spoke the epilogue in behalf of the trembling author. Pepys speaks admiringly of her demeanor when disguised as a young gallant, and adds, "She hath the motion and carriage of a spark the most that ever I saw any man have."

One of Nelly's earliest lovers was Lord Buckhurst, and her defenders claim, that whatever opinion the public may entertain of the morality of London in the reign of Charles II., it at least argues something for the taste of the humble orange-girl, that her lover was considered and looked up to as the best bred man of his age; that he had distinguished himself in the war against the Dutch; he had written the best song of its kind, and bitter yet elegant satires; he was a patron of every species of merit; while his table was one of the last to exhibit the traditional hospitality of the English nobleman. He seems to have loved Nelly sincerely, and in a sonnet to her beauty declared that

"All hearts fall a-leaping wherever she comes,
And beat night and day like my Lord Craven's drums."

The two lovers kept a merry house at Epsom during the midsummer months of 1668. Nelly returned to the stage in August, resumed some of her former parts and created the character of Mirida in "All Mistaken," in which, being importuned by a fat lover and a lean one, she tells the fat one she will marry him when he is leaner, and the lean one when he is fatter. In 1669 occurred the great change in Nelly's condition—"one that removed her from many temptations, and led to the exhibition of traits of character and good feeling which more than account for the fascination connected with her name"—she became the mistress of the king. Buckhurst resigned her in consideration of an office and a pension of £1,000, the promise of an earldom, and an ambassadorship to France. Nelly continued to perform all her theatrical engagements, dividing her time between Whitehall and Drury Lane, until the spring of 1670, when Dryden's new tragedy of "The Conquest of Granada," was postponed on account of her absence. After giving birth, on the 8th of May, to the future Duke of St. Albans, the first of the name, she resumed her study of the character of Almahide, the last she was destined to play. Charles became more fond of her than ever, fascinated by her charming performance of this character—an effect thus commemorated by Granville:

"Granada lost, whilst her pompe restor'd,
And Almahide again by kings ador'd."

Nell Gwynn is described to have been in person considerably below the middle size, but formed with perfect elegance; the contour of her face was round, her features were delicate, her eyes bright and intelligent, and often positively closed by the merry laugh which pervaded her face; her cheek was usually dimpled with smiles and her countenance radiant with hilarity, but when at rest it was soft and even pensive in its expression; her voice was sweet and well modulated; her hair glossy, abundant, and of a light auburn; her hands were singularly small and beautiful, and her pretty feet so very diminutive as to afford occasion for mirth as well as admiration.

The inconstant Charles, during the very height of his fancy for Nelly, became also violently enamoured of one of the maids of honor to the Duchess of Orleans, M'lle Louise Renée de Penencourt de Quérouallle, a young lady of nineteen years. She returned the monarch's passion, and was created Duchess of Portsmouth. Nelly did not consider this infidelity on the part of his majesty as any excuse for unfaithfulness on her own, and took the rivalry of Madame Carwell—as her French name was commonly pronounced—in thorough good part. Charles, at this period, lodged Nelly in a house on the South side of Pall Mall, with a garden towards St. James's Park, and sent her a lease for a number of years. She, considering the gift in that shape unworthy the King of England, returned him the papers with a merry jest at his expense. Charles admitted the justness of the reproof by conveying the house free to Nell and her representatives forever. "The truth of this story," says Cunningham, "is confirmed by the fact that the house which occupies the site of the one in which Nelly lived, now No. 79, and tenanted by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, is the only freehold on the South or park side of Pall Mall."

The favorite expletive of Charles II. was "Odd's fish!" and Nelly used to divert him exceedingly by making free with this expression at unexpected moments. She gave a concert one night to the king, the duke his brother, and some half dozen of their intimate associates. The principal singer, Bowman, sang several of those extravagantly loyal songs which retain their popularity even to this day, and upon the conclusion of the entertainment, the king expressed himself delighted. "Then, sir," said Nelly, "to show you do not speak like a courtier, I hope you will make the performers a handsome present." The king felt in his pockets, and said he had no money; he asked the duke to lend him some. The duke made a search, and declared that he had none either. Nell turned to the other guest, and assuming the king's air and accent, exclaimed, "Odd's fish, what company have I got into!"

The following expedient was resorted to by Nell, to induce the king to pay some attention to the affairs of the nation. One of the lords of the council, whom Charles would not permit to speak to him of business, complained to Nell of his provoking negligence. Nell laid him a wager of a hundred pounds that she would hit upon a scheme that would bring the merriest prince alive to the council that very night. She sent for Killigrew, the manager of Drury Lane, and desired him to dress himself as if he were going on a journey, and to burst unceremoniously into the king's apartment. She then told him what to say in reply to his certain "odd's fish," or perhaps more violent explosion. He did as he was bid, and was received with a "What, Killigrew! are you mad? Did I not order that nobody should disturb me?" "Oh, I don't mind your orders—no, not I," returned Killigrew; "and I'm going as fast as I can!" "Why, where are you going to?" asked his majesty. "To hell!" replied the comedian, "to fetch up Oliver Cromwell from thence, to take some care of the national concerns; for I am sure your majesty takes none." Charles went that night to the council, and Nelly won her wager.

Nell Gwynn gave birth to a second son on the 26th of December, 1671; he was named James, out of compliment to the Duke of York, and, like his elder brother, acknowledged by the king. Soon afterwards, Charles was seized with a mania for creating titles and distributing orders and offices. Nelly saw peerages and earldoms showered right and left upon persons whom she thought less deserving of such distinctions than the king's own flesh and blood. So she appealed to the source of all her favor, her wit, and resolved to make an effort, in her own quaint way, in behalf of her eldest boy. So, while he was one day romping with his father, she said, abruptly, "Come hither, you little bastard!" The king, very much shocked, scolded Nell roundly; she replied, with an air of demure submission, "I'm verry sorry; but I've no better name to call him by, poor boy!" The king laughed, felt the implied reproach, and admitted the plea. Charles Beauclerc, his eldest son by Nell Gwynn, was soon created Baron of Heddington and Earl of Burford, and, somewhat later, Duke of St. Albans, Registrar of the High Court of Chancery, and Grand Falconer of England. He was betrothed by the king to Lady Diana de Vere, the daughter of the twentieth and last Earl of Oxford, and, in point of rank, the first heiress of the three kingdoms. "Though the lively orange-girl," says Cunningham, "was not spared to witness the marriage, yet she lived to see the future wife of her son in the infancy of those charms which made her one of the most conspicuous of the Kneller Beauties, still so attractive in the collection at Hampton Court."

The idea of establishing a hospital at Chelsea for the veterans of the war, is believed to have originated with Nell Gwynn. The corner-stone was laid by the king in the Spring of 1682, and the student of the history of his reign will not readily believe that he would have urged the building forward with the zeal he did, unmoved by some influence from without. The tradition is, that Nell was one day riding in the city in her coach, when an invalid soldier stopped at the open door of her carriage and solicited charity. He had been in service in the civil war, he said, and had lost a limb while fighting for the royal cause. He was now friendless and totally destitute. Nell Gwynn hastened to the king and laid the case before him. The interest thus awakened in behalf of one sufferer soon led to the reflection that there must be many others, disabled at Worcester and Marston Moor; and that the veterans who still lingered in the ranks of the standing army which the wars of the restoration had produced, must soon give way to younger and more active substitutes. What would become of them, thus deprived in advanced years of their only means of livelihood? They would be dependent upon public charity and the casual bounty of the sympathetic. These reflections induced in Nell's mind the idea of an asylum for the cripples

remnants of the war—an idea in which she enthusiastically persevered, never letting her royal lover rest till her benevolent purpose was accomplished.

There are several facts which strongly support this popular tradition. Nelly was a soldier's daughter, and her early sufferings and privations had been those incident to a soldier's life. The benevolence of her character was well known, and her quick sensibilities would have been naturally enlisted in behalf of such patriotic sufferers as her war-worn protégés. She is still the idol of the pensioners, and with them the memory of Nell is sacred. But the circumstance most corrobative of the tradition is the fact that her portrait serves to this day as the sign of an old alehouse contiguous to the hospital. Sixty years ago, an inscription beneath the portrait, now illegible, chronicled in positive terms the part Nell had played in founding and erecting the hospital. The Rev. Daniel Lysons, in his Environs of London, published in 1795, speaking in the present tense, says, "Underneath the portrait is an inscription attributing the foundation to her desire." This inn and the sign form part of the background in Wilkie's famous picture of the Chelsea Pensioners. Long may she swing, exclaims Cunningham, with her favorite lamb, in the row or street thus commemorated forever!

Charles II. was now approaching his end. Having prolonged a revel through Sunday night till Monday morning, he swooned away and lay for several hours in apoplexy, all hope being abandoned by his physicians. He revived, but expired on the following Friday, the 6th of February, 1685. Though not absolutely his dying wish, yet his last recommendation to his brother and successor, James II., was in these pathetic and memorable words: "Let not poor Nelly starve." Of this request, Charles James Fox says, in his History of James II., "that it is much to his honor; and that they who censure it, seem, in their zeal to show themselves strict moralists, to have suffered their notions of vice and virtue to have fallen into strange confusion." Mrs. Jameson remarks of the dying speech, that it is one among the few traits which redeem the sensual and worthless Charles from utter contempt.

Nell was to have been made Countess of Greenwich had the king lived, if we may credit the following passage in a manuscript folio entitled "The Royall Cedar:" "Hellenor or Nelguiné, daughter of Thomas Guine, should bein advanced to be Countess of Greeniez, but hindered by the king's death." She went into mourning and sincerely lamented the loss of him whom so few others regretted; hers was no fictitious sorrow for the death of the Cham of Tartary, as all official assumption of black was then termed. The king's straitened circumstances had before compelled her "to boil a portion of her plate;" and now, if not arrested for debt, she was outlawed for the non-payment of several long-standing bills. During her outlawry, Otway, the poet and dramatist, and tutor to her son, died miserably of starvation; this afflicted her more than her own destitution. King James, however, remembered his brother's dying request, and in the midst of his own pressing needs, caused the sum of seven hundred and thirty pounds to be paid to one Richard Graham, "to be by him paid over to the several tradesmen, creditors of Mrs. Ellen Gwynn, in satisfaction of their debts, for which the said Ellen stood outlawed." In the same year, he made her also two separate presents of five hundred pounds; and caused Beeswood Park, near Sherwood Forest of merry memory, and a demesne of the crown, to be settled upon her for life, and after her death, upon the Duke of St. Albans. He afterwards made her an allowance of one thousand five hundred pounds a year. These acts of kindness towards Nelly gave rise to the rumor that she went to mass and was converted to Popery, as it was well known that James desired to re-establish the Romish worship in the kingdom. The rumor was groundless; Nelly always remained a Protestant.

Eleanor Gwynn survived her lover little more than two years. She conducted herself with the strictest decorum, spending much of her time in devotion, and a portion of her narrow means in beneficence. Her health began to decline, and Dr. Lower, the first doctor in London, who had long visited her as a gossip, now attended her as a physician. She sank rapidly, and Lower bethought him of the propriety of sending for a clergyman. A satire which had been lately published, represented her as pining upon her death-bed, and as saying:

"Send for Dr. Burnet, or I die."

But Bishop Burnet considered her "the wildest and indiscreetest creature that ever was in a court," and Lower thought best to apply to a less intolerant divine. Dr. Tenison, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, was then vicar of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and Nell's residence in Pall Mall was within the limits of of his parish. He was known to be a liberal and courageous minister in those difficult days of the Church. Lower asked his attendance, and brought him to the dying woman's bed-side.

On the 9th of July she made her will, revoking all former bequests. There is nothing peculiar in this instrument, beyond the artlessness with which she styles herself a spinster, and recommends herself "whence she came, in hopes of a joyful resurrection," giving and devising all her property whatsoever "to her dear natural son, his grace the Duke of St. Albans, and the heirs of his body." But the requests contained in a codicil added three months later, are worthy of more specific mention. In this she begged that she might be buried in the church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields; that Dr. Tenison would preach her funeral sermon; that her son, the duke, would give one hundred pounds to Dr. Tenison for taking poor debtors out of prison during the coming winter; that, to show her charity to those who differed from her in religion, fifty pounds might be applied to the use of the poor of the Romish faith of the Parish of St. James; that her present servants might have mourning and a year's wages beyond the wages due; and that his grace would be pleased to lay out twenty pounds yearly for the release of poor debtors on Christmas day. She is also said, though no such provision occurs in the will, to have left a considerable annual sum to St. Martin's church, on condition that on every Thursday evening in the year, there should be six men employed, for the space of one hour, in ringing, for which they were to have a roasted shoulder of mutton and ten shillings for beer. Another authority adds that the ringers of St. Martin's enjoy this donation to this day.

One month after signing these her last bequests, Nell Gwynn died, in November, 1687, her last hours, and indeed the last years of her life, having been spent in sincere repentance and "in all the contrite symptoms of a Christian sincerity." She was buried on the night of the 17th, in St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and Dr. Tenison preached her funeral sermon, urging her benevolence, her penitence, and her meritorious death as examples to all who heard him. Though the funeral was not an ostentatious one, the expenses amounted to three hundred and seventy-five pounds, and were exactly met by the next quarter's allowance, which, by the way, King James ordered to be continued to her son. The Duke of St. Albans accepted the pecuniary responsibility placed upon him in the codicil of his mother's will, and signed an acknowledgment to that effect.

Dr. Tenison did not escape censure and persecution for his bold and charitable act. He was compelled to denounce as a forgery a sermon published and cried about the streets as the one that he had preached over the coffin of Nell Gwynn. His application for the vacant see of Lincoln, in 1691, was opposed by the young Queen Mary's advisers, on the ground that "he had preached a notable funeral sermon in praise of Ellen Gwynn." But the queen replied: "What then? I have heard as much, and this is a sign that the poor unfortuate woman died penitent; for, if I have read a man's heart through his looks, had she not made a truly pious end, the doctor never could have been induced to speak well of her." This excellent vicar was appointed to the see, and, as we have said, lived to fill with honor and renown the Archbishopric of Canterbury.

[The AMERICAN MONTHLY is (or was) the name of a sickly magazine which grew out of the ashes of the old KNICKERBOCKER. We believe the thing is now called the FŒDERAL AMERICAN MONTHLY—great stress being laid upon the diphthong. As a specimen of its literary and critical quality we reprint from it the following balderdash about Emerson.—ED.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Of all the public lecturers of our time and place, none have attracted more attention from the press, and consequently the people, than Ralph Waldo Emerson. Lecturing has become quite a fashionable science—and now, instead of using the old style phrases for illustrating facts, we call travelling preachers, perambulating showmen, and floating politicians, lecturers. As a lecturer, Ralph Waldo Emerson is extensively known around these parts; but whether his lectures come under the head of law, logic, politics, Scripture, or the show business, is a matter of much speculation; for our own part, the more we read or hear of Ralph, the more we don't know what it is all about. Somebody has said that to his singularity of style or expression, Carlyle and his works owe their great notoriety or fame—and many compare Ralph Waldo to old Carlyle. They cannot trace exactly any great affinity between these two great geniuses of the flash literary school. Carlyle writes vigorously, quaintly enough, but almost always speaks when he says some-

thing; on the contrary, our flighty friend Ralph speaks vigorously, yet says nothing. Of all men that have ever stood and delivered in presence of a reporter, none surely ever led these indefatigable knights of the pen to such a wild-goose chase over the verdant and flowery pastures of King's English as Ralph Waldo Emerson. In ordinary cases, a reporter, well versed in his art, catches a sentence of his speaker, and goes on to fill it out upon the most correct impression of what was intended, or what was implied. But no such license follows the out-pourings of Mr. Emerson; no thought can fathom his intentions, and quite as bottomless are even his finished sentences. We have known "old stagers" in the newspaporial line, veteran reporters, so dumbfounded and confounded by the first fire of Ralph, and his grand and lofty acrobating in elocution, that they up, seized their hat and paper, and departed, horrified at the prospect of an attempt to "take down" Mr. Emerson. If roaring Ralph touches a homely mullen weed, upon a donkey-heath, straightway he makes it a full-blown rose, in the land of Ophir, shedding an odor balmly as the gales of Arabia; while with a facility the wonderful London auctioneer Robbins might envy, Ralph imparts to a lime-box, or pig-sty, a negro hovel, or an Irish shanty, all the romance, artistic elegance and finish of a first-class manor-house, or Swiss cottage, inlaid with alabaster and fresco, surrounded by elfin bowers, grand walks, bee-hives, and honey-suckles. Ralph don't group his metaphorical beauties, or dainties of Webster, Walker, &c., but rushes them out in torrents—rattles them down in cataracts and avalanches—bewildering, astounding, and incomprehensible. He hits you upon the left lug of your knowledge-box with a metaphor so unwieldy and original, that your breath is soon gone—and before it is recovered, he gives you another rhapsody on t'other side, and as you try to steady yourself, bim! comes another, heavier than the first two, while a fourth batch of this sort of elocution fetches you a bang over the eyes, giving you a vertigo in the ribs of your bewildered senses, and before you can say: "God bless us!" down he has you, presto!—with a deluge of high-heeled grammar and three storied Anglo-Saxon settling your hash—and brings you to the ground by the run, as though you were struck by lightning, or in the way of a thirty-six pounder. Ralph Waldo is death and an entire *stud* of pale horses on flowery expressions and japonica-domish flubdubs. He revels in all those knock-kneed, antique, or crooked and twisted words we used all of us to puzzle our brains over in the days of our youth, and grammar lessons, and rhetoric exercises. He has a penchant as strong as cheap boarding-house butter, for mystification, and a free delivery of hard words, perfectly and unequivocally wonderful. We listened one long hour by the clock, one night, to an out-pouring of *argumentum ad hominem* of Mr. Emerson's—at what? a boy under an apple tree! If ten persons out of the five hundred present were put upon their oaths, they could no more have deciphered, or translated Mr. Ralph's argumentation, than they could the hieroglyphics upon the walls of Thebes, or the sarcophagus of old king Pharaoh! When Ralph Waldo opens he may be as calm as a May morn—he may talk for five minutes, like a book—we mean a common-sensed, understandable book; but all of a sudden the fluid will strike him—up he goes, down he fetches them. He throws a double summerset backwards over Asia Minor—flip-flaps in Greece—wings Turkey and skeets over Iceland; here he slips up with a flower garden. A torrent of gilt-edged metaphors, that would last a country parson's moderate demand a long lifetime, are whirled with the fury and fleetness of Jove's thunderbolts. After exhausting his sweet-scented receiver of this floral elocution, he pauses four seconds; pointing to vacuum, over the heads of his audience, he asks, in anxious tone, "Do you see that?" Of course the audience are not expected to be so unmannerly as to ask "what?" If they were, Ralph would not give them time to "go in," for, after asking them if they see that, he continues—"There! Mark! Note! It is a maleria prism! Now then; there—here; see it! note it! watch it!" During this time, half the audience, especially the old women and children, look around, fearful of the ceiling falling in, or big bugs lighting on them. But the pause is for a moment, and anxiety ceases when they learn it was only a false alarm, only "Egotism! The lame, the pestiferous exhalation or concrete malformation of society!" You breathe freer, and Ralph goes in, gloves on. "Egotism! a metaphysical, calcareous, oleracerous amentum of—society!—the mental varioloid of this sublunary hemisphere! One of its worst feeling or features is, the craving of sympathy. It even loves sickness, because actual pain engenders signs of sympathy. All cultivated men are infected more or less with this dropsy. But they are still the leaders. The life of a few men is the life of every place. In Boston you hear and see a few, so in New York; then you may as well die. Life is very narrow; bring a few men together, and under the spell of one calm genius, what frank sad confessions will be made! Culture is the suggestion from a few best thoughts that a man should not be a charlatan, but temper and subdue life. Culture redresses his balance, and puts him among his equals. It is a poor compliment always to talk to a man upon his *specialty*, as if he were a cheese-mite, and were therefore strong on Cheshire and Stilton. Culture takes the grocer out of his molasses and makes him genial. We pay a heavy price for those fancy goods, the fine arts and philosophy. No performance is worth loss of geniality. That unhappy man called of genius, is an unfortunate man. Nature always carries her point despite the means!" If that don't convince you of Ralph's high-heeled, knock-kneed logic, or *au fait* dexterity in concocting flap-doodle mixtures, you're ahead of ordinary intellect as far as this famed lecturer is in advance of gin and bitters, or opium discourses on—delirium tremens! In short, Ralph Waldo Emerson can wrap up a subject in more mystery and science of language than ever a defunct Egyptian received at the hands of the mummy manufacturers! In person, Mr. Ralph is rather a pleasing sort of man; in manners frank and agreeable; about forty years of age, and a native of Massachusetts. As a lawyer he would have been the horror of jurors and judges; as a lecturer, he is, as near as possible, what we have described him.

TO SELINA.

„Es sind zwei kleine Fensterlein
In einem großen Haus,
Da schaut die ganze Welt hinein,
Die ganze Welt heraus."

Through pretty little windows two
  Of bright and shining glass
Out on the world I cast my view
  And see all things that pass.

Through these same pretty windows two
  The world looks in on me,
And sees that in all things I do
  I'm thinking but of thee.

And thou'st two pretty windows blue
  Through which thou sends't thy soul;
Would they had never met my view!
  My heart had then been whole.

They're often wet, these windows blue,
  Those diamond panes of thine—
Ah! make me not forever rue
  That thy glance e'er met mine.

HOW TO WRITE WAR LYRICS.

In order to be original as well as effective, make the first words of the first line "Dear Mother," or "Dearest Mother," or "Darling Mother." You *must* have a Mother of some kind; it is difficult to see how you can do without one. If you refrain from doing this, at the commencement, you must commence doing it in the refrain.

If you have concluded to Come Home to Die (although such a course cannot be unconditionally recommended), say so at once, and bring it in in the chorus.

Sometimes call the person you are addressing "Thee," and sometimes "You;" it looks Singular as well as Plural.

Whenever you have occasion to use the word "Memories," be careful to say, "Memories of the Past." This evinces closeness of thought, and is a pleasing distinction from the Memories of the Future.

Never forget—nor allow any one else to forget—that you might have been "Numbered with the Slain." You may make Slain rhyme with Again.

In the event of your dying, it would be an excellent point to inquire, in general terms, as to the intentions of society at large, with regard to the pecuniary maintenance of the aged members of your family. For instance, "Who will care for Mother now?"

When you have occasion to refer to any of your imaginary companions who are so unfortunate as to be defunct, say "The *silent* Dead." It removes misapprehension.

If, upon mature deliberation, you decide upon dying, request your comrades to observe the various phenomena of your physical condition, such as your perspiring forehead, or, to express it poetically, the "Dampness on your Brow." As this idea, however, has now grown rather stale, perhaps it would be better to ask them to look at your Tongue, or to feel your Pulse.

If you can contrive to mention that some one is sleeping *beneath* the sod, instead of above it, this would be an admirable idea. You cannot be too explicit upon this point, since it saves time in the recovery of bodies.

—*Mrs. Grundy.*

THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS.

HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1865.

THE SITUATION.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE EDITOR AND AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

O. S.—I hear we are going to have the SATURDAY PRESS again: is it so?

ED.—So it seems.

O. S.—What did you ever stop it for?

ED.—For want of money.

O. S.—Why do you revive it, then?

ED.—For the same reason.

O. S.—All right, let 's celebrate the event: what'll you take?

ED.—Your subscription, if you please.

IMPUDENCE.

Some weak-minded and ridiculous person who has been grieved probably by the literary criticisms (always able and impartial) of the ALBION and the WEEKLY REVIEW, has taken his revenge, and caused considerable fun in literary circles by printing the following impudent manifesto, which he sends to all authors who are unfavorably noticed in the said journals:

It is but just that those who are publicly injured should know their traducers. Be it therefore hereby made manifest, that the individual who furnishes certificates of literary standing to American authors in the columns of the "New York Weekly Review," and the "New York Albion," (in the] latter under British supervision and influence), is one WILLIAM WINTER by name—an "American Poet," whose *status* is fairly illustrated by himself in extracts of verse contained in Professor Howe' volume of "Golden Leaves from American Poets."

You will find yourself "honored" by some of his attentions in the —— of —— 1865. VIGILANCE.

It will be noticed that if Mr. Winter should happen to think himself traduced by this absurd document, the author has taken good care not to give *his own name* publicity, knowing probably that the only effect of revealing it would be to make himself the laughing stock of the whole community.

Artemus Ward's new book will appear in about a fortnight. The publisher is Mr. Carleton, of this city. It will be entitled, "Artemus Ward, His Travels." Some five or six thousand copies have been ordered in advance. The book will be neatly gotten up and enlivened by a series of comic illustrations by Mullen. The title was to have been "Artemus Ward among the Mormons," and should have been, according to Dan Setchell, "The Mormons among Artemus Ward." The Mormons figure in the work about as extensively as in the author's lecture, upon which the best comment we have heard was by a countrymen, who said, "Oh, yes, I know all about Artemus Ward. He's the fellow that says he'll talk on one subject, and then goes and talks on another, and thinks it mighty funny, just because we all laugh so much at him—as if we could help it."

The readers of the SATURDAY PRESS will remember that our favorite news agency in Broadway has always been BRENTANO'S. We take pleasure, therefore, on commencing our new volume, in calling special attention to his advertisement. A good portion of it is written in Latin, to be sure, but we forgive him this weakness in view of his general merits. The only thing we regret about him is, that he has nearly outgrown the newspaper business, and prides himself chiefly, now, on keeping a good book store, and making it the fashionable literary rendezvous.

CORRECTION.—The New York CITIZEN, in a well-meant notice of the SATURDAY PRESS, says: "If there be such a class as Bohemians among us, this will be their organ." No such thing. The SATURDAY PRESS will never be the organ of anybody but its editor. Organs are played out.

The Fenians are fast getting to be a power. Their festival at Jones' Wood, the other day, was one of the most imposing demonstrations we have had in New York this long time. Seeing that their only object is to have Ireland governed by the Irish, we wish them every success. If Ireland can stand it, we are sure that we can. We object decidedly however to New York being governed by the Irish; the experiment has been tried too long already and has cost enough to rebuild the city.

The London ILLUSTRATED NEWS, in a notice of the great Langham Hotel, says: "The Prince of Wales having visited this establishment a few days before its opening to the public, we have thought it a matter of sufficient general interest for an illustration in our pages." It would seem by this, that before the Prince visited the hotel it was utterly unworthy of notice. Why, then, did the Prince visit it?

The INQUIRER of Philadelphia gives an account of a fire in that city which was extinguished by the application of a *copious supply of water to the burning material*. This method of extinguishing fires has been practiced in New York for many years, and the fact that it has been found equally efficacious in Philadelphia will probably lead to its being continued by our new department.

It seems that the Directors of the Atlantic Telegraph Company refused to admit reporters on board the Great Eastern because more than three hundred applications were sent in. It is understood that if so many as three hundred persons ever apply at one time to have messages sent, the company will immediately dissolve and order the cable taken up.

The EXPRESS announces the arrival at West Point of "Mrs. S. H. Hilliard, *née* Mrs. Edwin James." How Mrs. Hilliard could have been born Mrs. Edwin James is a mystery which we should rather not attempt to solve until the weather gets to be a little cooler.

The editor of the LOUISVILLE JOURNAL is about to issue a new edition of his "Prenticeiana." Most of the jokes in its pages are so weak that a more suitable title for the book would be "Apprenticeiana."

It appears from the Paris journals that the French Prince Imperial shows such a decided taste for sculpture that he is rarely seen except on a bust.

The Union College of this State has conferred on General Grant the degree of L.L.D Not that the General needed a degree, but the College needed a Grant. Who ever heard of a College that didn't need a Grant, or of anybody who had occasion for a degree? Degrees are given not to confer honor upon the person receiving them, but upon the institution giving them. When a man becomes big enough to get along without colleges, the colleges all commence patronising him. When he is just beginning to rise and might be benefitted by their patronage, they never think of him. Corporations as well as individuals have a good deal of flunkeyism about them.

The English, who drop their "h's" all over the globe, and are perpetually troubled with the vowel-complaint, find it clever to say that we Americans know nothing of our mother-tongue. One proof they give of this is that we say we have been *at* a place instead of *in* it. They themselves are so persistent in the use of *in* that one of them recently wrote a letter to the London TELEGRAPH, or some such paper, in which he announced his intention of spending the whole summer "in Lake Superior." Mr. Roosevelt ought to be there to fish him up.

Dramatic Feuilleton.

BY FIGARO.

I celebrate yourself, my dear SATURDAY PRESS, and from this day forth join my fortune with yours.

Let us get rich together and defy the world.

Rich in friends, rich in enemies, rich in old-time associations, rich in pleasant memories, rich in health and strength, and hope, and courage, we are now.

The rest will take care of itself.

I see your dear old face again, believe me, with the rapture of a lover.

The joy of your presence makes me all but forget the sorrow of your absence.

We have lived and loved together so long that life without you was getting to be insupportable.

A thousand times welcome, then, and Heaven grant that we may never again part.

Kind friends are rejoicing over our reunion, the land over, and the words of cheer that come to us from every quarter should make us forget all that is dark in the past out of gratitude for the present, and hope for the future.

But I am getting to be sentimental.

All that I want to say is, that I am rejoiced to find myself once more in a good bracing atmosphere, where I can feel at home and write with the old familiarity and freedom.

Heaven knows what I shall write this week, but I can at least say a word of greeting to my old theatrical friends, and promise them when the time comes, to write of them with as much candor and impartiality as ever.

At present there is nothing up which the press hasn't made too familiar to warrant further comment.

I might right a chapter, perhaps, about "Arrah-na-Pogue," which is delighting everybody, week after week, at Niblo's; but Artemus Ward tells me he has done that for you, and when you catch me following Artemus Ward you may make a note of it.

I shan't even follow Artemus to England, though I hear nearly everybody else is going to, and that they are all to act as his agents at a thousand pounds a week, in gold.

Another subject that might support a passage or two is Dan Bryant's immense success at Wallack's; but Dan can take care of himself.

The critics have done all they could for him, and the verdict among them appears to be unanimous, that since the death of Frank Drew, he is the best Irish comedian in the country.

His Miles-na-Coppoleen is certainly a marvel of good acting, while in such characters as Handy Andy, and the Irish Emigrant, it is difficult to conceive how he could ever have been surpassed.

Artemus Ward says he should like to see him do "Mr. Pogue."

The greatest surprise I have had in the theatrical way of late has been in seeing Miss Kate Reignolds, of Boston, at the Broadway.

I had seen her several times before on a visit to the Hub, but was impressed merely with her being a good stock actress.

Here, on the contrary, she shines as a star of the first magnitude.

In "Peg Woffington," and more particularly in "The Youthful Days of Richelieu," she exhibits qualities of all but the highest order.

The usually cautious critic of the TRIBUNE writes of her as if he were writing of Dejazet.

The New York atmosphere appears to agree with her.

I was delighted, by the way, to see on the same boards my old favorite, Mr. W. H. Smith, whom I can remember as long back as 1832, at the old Tremont, in Boston.

He was considered as nearly at the head of his profession, even then: judge what experience and study have done for him since.

I think he has the finest presence on the stage.

His style of acting savors a little of the antique; but there are touches about it which could come only from a master.

He has had no chance to appear in any of his special roles at the Broadway, but he may have next week, in which case I promise you a series of studies which some of the new school actors would do well to imitate.

I like to see Mr. Smith, myself, in whatever he plays, because whether I approve of his general conception of a character or not, I am sure to find in it, at least, indications of culture and refinement.

I add, about Miss Reignolds, that she plays here for a week more, and then goes to the New Chesnut, Philadelphia.

After that, the Broadway will be closed for a week, in order to prepare for the Keans.

Of the other theatres, there is little to be said.

Barnum and his folks are trying hard to feel at home at the Winter Garden, but the place is too cramped for them.

The Olympic remains closed, and Mr. Duff has been spending another fortune in beautifying it, hoping all along to open in the fall with Jo. Jefferson, but Jo. has just made an engagement to succeed John Owens, at the Adelphi, in London, and will hardly be here before mid-winter.

We shall have no French Theatre till the new building is completed, at the corner of Fourteenth street and the Sixth avenue, which, according to all accounts, will be the most commodious and beautiful theatrical edifice in the city.

Finally, Mr. Editor, I have nothing to add, except that Artemus Ward is to repeat his Mormon entertainment at Irving Hall in September, and that, wishing you a long life and a merry one, I remain,

Yours, to the end,

Figaro.

C. PFAFF'S.—This famous Bohemian resort has recently been improved by the addition of a large garden and a "beautiful landscape," designed by the artists of a neighboring theatre. A wag wrote upon the walls of the establishment, the other day, "*C. Pfaff and die!*"

General Grant has been serenaded every night since he started on his tour by a band of politicians—and musquitoes. He says that on the whole he prefers the musquitoes.

What are we coming to? A lady was seen on Broadway, the other day, with a cataract in the eye, a waterfall on the back of the neck, a "Locke on the Understanding," and "Watts on the Mind."

It appears from the official reports that the HERALD is sold more and oftener than any other newspaper in the city. We always thought so.

In reply to a correspondent who asks us to describe our staff, we beg to say that the SATURDAY PRESS is neither old enough nor weak enough to require a staff.

Artemus Ward has recently caused considerable embarrassment to the Tax Commissioners by returning his income in "wax figgers."

Sir Bulwer Lytton is said to have retired from society in consequence of being utterly deaf: a more likely cause would be his *not* being utterly deaf.

THE BEST REMEDY FOR WELL-EXECUTED COUNTERFEITS.—Well-executed counterfeiters.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Of course no reader and no critic can ever get to the bottom of the pile of New Books. Perhaps Mr. Clapp, in his pungent SATURDAY PRESS, *does most wisely by merely mentioning them in attractive print. The title of a new book, printed in comely type, is a very valuable notice.*—HARPER'S WEEKLY.

AMERICAN.

Miller's New York as it is in 1865, or Stranger's Guide-Book to the Cities of New York, Brooklyn, and adjacent places, comprising notices of every object of interest to strangers, including public buildings, churches, hotels, places of amusement, literary institutions, &c., with maps of the city Central Park, and Hudson River, and 32 engravings of public buildings, &c. $1.00. New York: James Miller.

Speeches of John Bright, M. P., on the American Question. With an Introduction by Frank Moore. 12mo. pp. 378. $2. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

The Trial for the Murder of the President. Edited, with an Introduction, by Ben Perley Poor. Vol. I. 12mo. pp. 480. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.

Two Voyages to England made during the years 1638-1663. By John Josselyn, gent. 4to. pp. 211. $5.00. Boston: W. Veazie.

The Private Journal of a Journey from Boston to New York in the year 1704. Kept by Madame Knight. Small 4to. pp. 92. $5.00. Albany: F. H. Little.

The Story of the Great March; from the Diary of a Staff Officer. By Brevet-Major George Ward Nichols, aid-de-camp to General Sherman. With a map and illustrations. 12mo. pp. 394. $1.75. New York: Harper & Brother.

Dickens's Mutual Friend. Vol. 3. $1.50. New York: John Bradburn.

ENGLISH.

Characters and Criticisms. By James Hannay, author of "Singleton Fontenoy." 8vo. 6s. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

The Spanish Match; or, Charles Stuart at Madrid: an historical romance. By William Harrison Ainsworth. 8vo. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall.

The Handy Horse-Book; or, Practical Instrutions on driving, riding, and the general care and management of horses. By a Cavalry Officer. London: Wm. Blackwood & Sons.

Artemus Ward His Book. With Notes, and a preface by the editor of the Biglow Papers. 8th Thousand. Fscp. 8vo. pp: 167. Cheap Edition, 1s. London: Hotten.

Documents from Simancas, relating to the Reign of Elizabeth (1558-1568). Translated from the Spanish of Don Tomas Gonzales, and edited with Notes and an introduction, by Spencer Hall, F.S.A. 8vo. pp. 112. 7s. 6d. London: Chapman & Hall.

Recent British Philosophy. A review with criticisms, including some comments on Mr. Mill's answer to Sir William Hamilton. By David Masson. London: McMillan & Co.

The Pentateuch and Book of Joshua Critically Examined. By the Right Rev. John William Colenso, D.D. Lord Bishop of Natal. Part V, with Three Appendices, viz, 1—On the Israelitish Origin of the Sanctuary at Mecca; 2—On the Psalms, in reply to the Rev. J. J. S. Perowne and the Bishop of Ely; 3—On the Phœnician Origin of the name IAO. 8vo. pp. 185. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

The Bank of England; and the Organization of Credit in England. 8vo. 10s 6d London: Longmans, Green & Co.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Christian Mistake, by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman. 12mo. 260. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1865.

Harper's Hand Book for Travellers in Europe and the East, being a guide through Great Britain, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Italy, Sicily, Egypt, Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, Tyrol, Spain, Russia, Denmark and Sweden. By W. Pembroke Fetridge. With a Rail-road map corrected up to 1865, and a map embracing colored routes of travel in the above countries. Fourth year. 12mo. pp. 599. New York: Harper & Bros.

The Story of the Great March, from the Diary of a Staff Officer. By Brevet Major George Ward Nichols, aid-de-camp to Gen. Sherman. With a map and illustrations. 12mo. pp. 394. New York: Harper & Bros. 1865.

Tony Butler. A Novel. 8vo. pp. 257. New York: Harper & Bros. 1865.

Arctic Researches and Life among the Esquimaux, being the Narrative of an Expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, in the years 1860, 1861, and 1862. By Charles Francis Hall. With Maps and One Hundred Illustrations. 8vo. pp. 595. New York: Harper & Bros. 1865.

History of Julius Cæsar. [By Napoleon I.] Vol. I. 8vo. pp. 468. New York: Harper & Bros. 1865.

Captain Brand of the "Centipede," a Pirate of Eminence in the West Indies; His Loves and Exploits, together with some account of the singular manner by which he departed this life. By Harry Gringo (H. A. Wise, U. S. N.), author of "Los Gringos," "Tales for the Marines," and "Scampavias." With Illustrations. 8vo. pp. 299. New York: Harper & Bros. 1864.

Miss Mackenzie. A Novel, by Anthony Trollope. 8vo. paper, pp. 139. New York: Harper & Bros. 1865.

Quite Alone; a Novel, by George Augustus Sala. 8vo. paper, pp. 195. New York: Harper & Bros. 1865.

One and Twenty; by the author of "Wildflower," "The House of Elmore," &c. 8vo. paper, pp. 199. New York: R. M. De Witt, 1865.

Wildflower; by the author of "The House of Elmore." 8vo. paper, pp. 206. New York: R. M. De Witt.

The House of Elmore; a Family History by the author of "One and Twenty," "Grandmother Money," "Wildflower," &c. 8vo. paper, pp. 199. New York: R. M. De Witt, 1865.

Grandmother Money; by the author of "One and Twenty," "House of Elmore," "Wildflower," &c. 8vo. paper, pp. 192. New York: R. M. De Witt, 1865

TO THE MOSQUITO.

Symphonious insect! scarce-embodied sprite!
Who, though thy life is marked by bitter stings,
Yet tun'st in glee thy "harp of thousand strings,"
How hard it is the world e'en one poor bite
Should grudge thee, as thou sound'st thy tiny gong,
And, in thy best titillatory mood,
Askest of each his proper tithe of blood,
As meet return for thy mellifluous song!
"Live and let live," in vain we mortals preach,
While thee we hunt with ever-murderous eye,
And, still more cruel, by vile network try
To place our tempting vintage 'yond thy reach;
For though thy orgies fret the drowsy night,
To sing and sup thou hast a poet's right.

FIGARO.

THE FASHIONS.

On Broadway, in the parks, and at all the sea-side resorts the ladies are asserting their consequence in glittering array—"glittering array" not being more a poetical expression than an actual fact, as a glance at any modern belle will prove.

First comes the dress. This is grenadine, nankeen, alpaca, poplin, berege, mozambique, or something else, in wide stripes like old-fashioned bed-curtaining or more modern window chintz. It may be in silk or satin, or fine muslin, or organdie, or tissue, or "whatever you please, my little dears," but if—if it would bear the stamp of novelty it must be striped all over, and that in the strongest colors and the worst combinations thereof—and—graces and ministers of grace defend us—trimmed with bias bands of the same barbarous striping.

Very narrow stripes, so narrow as to be really checks, are admissible for morning wear or for children, but no time or place or circumstance can redeem with fitness a stripe, three inches wide, of solid green, or blue, or red, alternating with another equally wide and solid in another color. But since they must be worn—for have not the Fates decreed it?—we would signalize ourselves as benefactors, by suggesting some alleviation of their hideousness.

This is most apparent in the making up of waists and the narrow sleeves now in vogue; but fashion permits—and in her highest manifestations decrees—waists of another color. We would then suggest for curtain-pattern dresses white waists. A pretty novelty in this line is made of lace or dotted muslin, with bands of insertion in lace or needle-work, through which is run narrow ribbon. This ribbon may match in color either of the dress stripes, except in the case of one being white, when ribbon to match would be ineffective. If one of the stripes is black and another white—a very fashionable combination—a pretty thing to do, is to wear a white waist with sets of tucks—five or six in a row—alternating with rows of embroidery, either in very narrow black braid, or in black chain-stitch.

Shoes are worn to match the dress; in this case they might be black and white check gaiters, which is the latest novelty in the way of shoes—we cannot say that they are pretty, but that's not the question.

Balmoral skirts are no longer worn by people with any pretension to style. The petticoat must be cut from the same material as the dress, or from another the color of the ground—and must be trimmed with flutings or bands of the same color of the dress stripes. This interesting article has again risen to the position accorded to it in Elizabethan days—it is no longer a thing to be ashamed of, but something to display. It is a very expensive item, too, in a lady's out-fit, for every dress must have a separate skirt, and this skirt must be more ornate and elaborate than the dress. Indeed it often happens that the dress is perfectly plain, while the petticoat is scalloped, embroidered and trimmed with pinked ruchings.

Of all the freaks of fashion we like best that of the petticoat the same color as the dress, and we like it ornamented and displayed at intervals—but only at intervals. It is as deficient in sentiment as a dress when exhibited unsparingly. There is an exclusiveness of style in this thing of matching, and a "promise of better things" in the glimpses we obtain of feathery ruchings and delicate traceries.

Spanish waists are still worn, and are profusely trimmed, no longer with lace and bugles only, but with gold lace, gold fringes, gold chains, gold balls, and gold filagree generally. These waists are in all colors, red, green, blue, pink, solferino, lilac, *et cetera*, according to the taste of the wearer—they are just the thing for ball and party dresses.

We give a new ball dress which is quite in favor on account of its lightness and successful combining of black and white.

A Greek or Spanish waist of black rope silk, trimmed with crystal fringe. No sleeves to the waist, but the front and back parts united at the shoulder by chains of crystals or crystal cords and tassels. A short skirt of black tulle, gored and puffed, and looped with crystal clusters over two other skirts of black tulle, the lower having a train, and the three being dotted more or less profusely with crystal beads.

This is a costume only admissible with black hair, which is now worn in a style called the "Hungarian."

The hair, though still massed at the back in undue proportions, is gradually finding its way to the top and front of the head. This is most carried out in the "Hungarian" coiffure, which consists of a double strand twisted, or a triple or quadruple strand braided in cable braid, and worn around the head like a coronet. Clusters of crystal stars, or a crystalized white rose with frosted leaves, peeps from among the lattice-works of loops, and rings, and braids, and coils, and curls that depend from this braided coronet.

The peculiarity of the "Hungarian" is that these pendants do not reach below the line of the level of the chin. A cluster of Metternich curls hangs on the forehead and forms a kind of cushion for a curious clasp which fastens a string of pearls or crystals, which is interwoven with the braid of the coronet.

So much for ebon locks and their artistic dressing. But droop your heads, ye maidens, with tresses black, but beautiful as those of the daughters of Jerusalem, for locks vieing with the raven's wing are no longer fashionable. Yet you need not quite despair, thanks to science; the detested coloring matter can be extracted, leaving the hair very neutral-tinted indeed. It is then dyed a golden or a yellow, and dressed in the new blonde style. This is called the "Aspasia," and is extremely regal—by all odds the most so of any we have ever had—not forgetting the "Zenobia," the "Cleopatra," the "Josephine" and the "Eugenie."

Why attempt to describe the *modus operandi* of making up, when nothing but the practical demonstration of a professional perruquier can eliminate the secrets of its varied curves and convolutions. Suffice it to say, that the "Aspasia" is a combination of braided coils and irregular curls massed high at the back of the head and clustered on the forehead. The secret of success is in preserving a proper balance between the back and the front; and the few people who as yet wear it, fearful to depart too much from the waterfall arrangement, make the coiffure too heavy behind One of the indispensables for this elaborate make-up is a bright blue ribbon, which describes a peculiar curve around the head and terminates behind in a knot with long loose loops and drooping ends. This forms a charming combination of color with the golden tresses now so highly prized. One of the advantages of the "Aspasia" is that the natural hair, if vulgar brown, or black, can be shaved off, and this regal coiffure put on like a night-cap. Its soft temple curviolines and the curl clusters on the brow conceal the roots of the hair.

The *Fanchon* bonnet now worn is so pliable that it is adapted to this style of coiffure equally as well as to the waterfall. A slight pressure on the sides, throws it up in front, and accommodates the top-knot of curls.

The great charge brought against the little *Fanchon* fairy, by ultra fashionables, is, that it is so graceful it commends itself to everybody, and so simple that everybody can make it. As a natural consequence everybody has it—in other words it is common. So another new bonnet is ushered into being, so ugly as not to be, in the remotest degree, in danger of dying from excess of popularity. And we hazard this prognostication with a full knowledge of all the hideous things that have become the rage. The Midsummer bonnet is not the worst of these, though it approximates so nearly that its wearers acknowledge it to be ugly, but flatter themselves that it is very *distingue*.

The same may be said of the new *China* hat, which resembles a saucer except that the top is slightly convex instead of flat. It is as ugly as possible, but has an independent, imported air about it that redeems its ugliness in a great degree. It answers at once the purpose of a hat and parasol—the trimming, considered most recherche, is a band of peacock's feathers.

Another still more worn, and more stylish looking, is the Regent. It is made of white Belgian straw, slightly three-cornered, and elegantly trimmed with a full-curled white ostrich plume.

Thus we see the newest hats are trimmed with feathers. The mass of the people, however, wear flowers. Some combine the two, but this is bad where the distinguishing characteristics of the feather is preserved. It is open to no objection when the feathers are made into sprays, grasses, mosses, *et cetera*.

But the popular hat is the *Casquette*, with its Scotch crown and little vizor. It is worn almost invariably with a "mask" vail. Said mask being dotted with beads and bordered with glittering fringes.

The parasol must match the dress. Black

and white parasols are very much worn, that is, black with white lining and white fluted or pinked edges, and white cord and tassels depending from the top. They are also much affected in plain black silk, dotted with beads. We have seen them too, embroidered with bullion and silk around the edge in vine pattern, or between the ribs in pine or some other showy design, and selling at a fearfully high price. Yet this is something that a lady of taste and knowledge of embroidery can do at home on a plain parasol costing but a few dollars.

In like manner, she may embroider the backs of her gloves—kids—which fashion has decreed shall be embroidered, or stitch in a contrasting color. The most affected stitching is chain-stitch in white silk on black kids. One advantage of a lady's stitching her own gloves is, that when the stitching becomes soiled she may pick it out, and stitch again in the same place with fresh silk or bullion.

Lace, silk and crepe shawls, in light colors, are very much worn this season, but the most *distingue* of all the outer garments now in vogue, is the large white circulars in white yak lace, white chambrey, or white organdie. It must be entirely white to distinguish it, and the trimming must also be white. This latter is generally ribbon quilling, chenille balls, silky yak, or elegant tassel fringe.

Handkerchiefs are worn heavily embroidered, or lightly lace-like—they are worked in colors to correspond with the costume—bees, wasps, butterflies, and humming-birds spread themselves on the corners.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT A FIRE.

As every loyal subject is by this time aware, the Prince of Wales's chimney caught fire the other afternoon, and the "devouring element," as reporters sublimely style a little hot soot, was only subdued after the most arduous exertions on the part of Lord Derby, Lord Palmerston, and His Royal Highness himself. Such is the simple story as given in half a dozen lines in most of the morning papers. But only the fashionable Post does full justice to the momentous importance of the event and the heroic achievements of the principal actors. The epic simplicity with which the writer opens his story prepares us for what follows: "There is no exaggeration in saying that Marlborough House stood in extreme jeopardy yesterday afternoon, and there can be no question that good luck alone has hitherto saved the building, for it is little less than a miracle that no serious disaster has occurred there long ago." Observe the wariness of the style, the economy of words, and the cogent proof of the proposition about good luck by means of the other proposition about a miracle. The art of putting the same statement into two forms of words, and then advancing one as a proof of the other, is here employed in a masterly manner. The subject is treated throughout with the same power and skill, and the result is a picture which ought to live in history along with that of Canute and his courtiers. As soon as the fire broke out the Prince hastened to the spot. "Seeing the urgency of the case, without a moment's hesitation he threw off his coat and waistcoat and handed buckets of water from the tank, or threw them on the fire with more alacrity *perhaps* than any of the other persons assisting." Why "perhaps"? Can it be doubted? Besides the courageous manipulation of the buckets, the Prince gave "the most judicious orders throughout the exciting scene." When it became evident that, "in order the more effectually to combat the danger," somebody must go—no, we beg pardon, "an entrance must be effected"—into that part of the building commonly called the 'cockloft,'" the Prince was the first to enter the region indicated." We can sympathize fully with the distracted feelings of the fashionable reporter whom a hard fate compelled to call anything by the name by which it is "commonly called." The whole body ought really to lay their heads together and invent some less odious name for cockloft. It sounds so horribly vulgar, and the notion of a prince having to climb into a cockloft approaches the tragic. However the literary Jeames has done his best to soften the thing down by the genteel phrase of "penetrating the regions indicated." Unhappily the Prince penetrated the region indicated in another sense. "Not knowing that, to secure one's safety, it was necessary to tread on the joists, he trod on the lath and plaster work constituting the ceiling of the apartment beneath." The blood of the reader runs cold as he pictures the Heir to the Throne walking on lath and plaster, and without his coat and waistcoat too. The worst apprehensions of the onlookers were realized, and the lath and plaster gave way. As they did not "prove sufficiently strong to maintain his weight, he fell through." There is surely something slightly irreverent in thus attributing weight to a royal personage. The famous Queen of Spain, who "had no legs," officially, ought to be the type of princely nature. It was probably only by a slip of the pen that the writer betrayed this base anthropomorphic conception of a prince. But be that as it may, at this point the neglected joists came in useful and prevented him from falling far. "He quickly extricated himself, laughing most heartily at the drollness of the mishap, even amidst the danger which threatened." By the way, "threatened" is rather a weak way of ending a sentence. "Imminently menaced his royal residence," or some such phrase, would have been more worthy of the occasion. Jeames does not get hold of such a theme as a prince in a cockloft every day, and it is a pity not to make the most of it. The last sentence, however, of this amazing composition is pretty fair. It tells us that the "Prince of Wales, as soon at the fire was extinguished, *though* in a condition in which he was hardly recognisable, failed not to remember those who had assisted him, and ordered refreshments to be served out to the blackened and begrimed people who had worked so hard and so well." There is a kind of pathetic accent about the last few words. "The blackened and begrimed people who had worked so hard and so well." It rather reminds one of some of Mr. Bright's fine things about the sons and daughters of toil. We do not, however, quite see the force of the "though." We fear Jeames has fallen into a confusion of the subjective and objective. There is no reason why a man who is not recognisable should not recognise others, nor does it follow, because he has a dirty face, and is without a coat, that his bosom should be unmoved by gratitude and considerateness. But the footman who, we presume, writes these things may be pardoned for associating good nature and other excellences with a good coat. It is the nature of the creature. He thinks the seat of the soul is not in the pineal gland, or any other part of the body, but in the coat and waistcoat. At all events, the Prince may be congratulated on having proved in his own person the falsehood of the cynical saying that no man is a hero to his own valet.

On pondering over this thrilling and instructive story, we cannot help thinking that the whole affair was contrived to inculcate the profound moral of King Canute upon modern courtiers. Like Canute, the Prince of Wales is probably bored to death with adulation and flattery. He cannot do the simplest thing, like any other gentleman, without having it blazoned abroad with all sorts of preposterous exaggerations in newspapers and little prints which live on such tattle. He cannot even put his own chimney out in peace. Sensible of the scandalous absurdity of such views in those about him, he doubtless resolved to repeat the great Canute scene over again, due allowance being made for the altered spirit of the times. The sea-shore is not very handy for Marlborough House, but fire is always procurable. As Canute took water for the medium of his moral, the Prince had recourse to fire. Every other adjunct was perfect. The Prime Minister of England and the powerful chief of the Opposition were both present. Two or three of the most illustrious of the peers were there, while a body of soldiers and a detachment of the A division lent an air of severe solemnity to the proceedings. The scene was not quite so imposing as that of the old story. The notion of an aged monarch, apparelled in his royal vestments, waving his sceptre over the gray waters of the everlasting seas, has a touch of sublime about it that we can scarcely discern in the cockloft of Marlborough House. But the moral was pointed every bit as effectively. The ancient courtiers saw that the wave would not retreat at their master's bidding. Their modern successors were clearly convinced that fire will not retreat before a prince unless, like other mortals, he takes off his coat and hands buckets with alacrity, and that lath and plaster refuse as obstinately to perform the duty of joists for him for as anybody else. Let us hope that the lesson will not be thrown away, and that this ludicrous flunkeyism may be reduced within somewhat more moderate bounds.

One of the national characteristics which strike Frenchmen with most astonishment is our insatiable avidity to know all the details of the private life of great people. We laugh at the Americans for the way in which they crowd in uninvited hosts to the White House, and for the restless curiosity which prevents all their public men from knowing a day's seclusion or genuine privacy. Yet what could have beat the childishness of the people who thronged down to the House of Lords on Tuesday morning to see how the Chancellor, who was tranquilly hearing an appeal, bore the resolution of the night before? And there are many persons, chiefly ladies, it must be confessed, who find the Court Circular the most interesting and important part of the newspapers. The announcement that Her Majesty walked for an hour on the slopes, or that the Princess of Wales took a carriage drive, is

far more to them than the most momentous telegram from America or France. Some of them with an inductive turn of mind, by keeping a keen eye on everything that is recorded, and putting this and that together as they say, acquire a most accurate knowledge of the degrees of cordiality existing between different members of the Royal Family. A middle-aged lady lately assured a friend that one of the young princesses, whom she named, must be in some sort of trouble with her relations. The friend, after expressing a decorous concern for so shocking a state of things, ventured to inquire how the sad information had been obtained.

"Because I have noticed," was the answer, "that for eight weeks and three days she has never driven out with anybody but a lady-in-waiting."

What a picture of a persevering investigator, uniting infallible shrewdness with dauntless patience, and combining the inductive with the ratiocinative method, just as philosophers say we ought to do! Still it is not a very laudable thing to bring the inductive and ratiocinative methods to bear upon other people's business. It is no part of the British Constitution, as it is seemingly of that of the United States, that no holder of a public post can have any private affairs. Of course one must make allowance for human nature. We need not take the ground that it is a dreadful thing for people with immortal souls to save to waste a moment of the precious time in wondering at what hour a prince gets up in the morning, or how he gets through the day until dinner. A little moderate curiosity of this kind is pardonable enough in those who have a great deal of time on their hands, and scarcely a single intelligent interest or pursuit with which to occupy it. It may take its place with spirit-rapping, and potichomanie, and acrostics, and all the other follies by the aid of which lazy folks loll through life. Perhaps a make-believe interest, like a make-believe activity, is better than none at all, and people had better be curious about the Royal Family than curious about nothing. For the unhappy objects of such curiosity this is no consolation. They have no alternative but to bear with patience all these impertinences, and the only thing they can do is to beware of footmen, butlers, and others with a genius for fine writing.—*London Saturday Review.*

SEWING MACHINE.
Feline Attachment.

CIRCULAR TO THE PUBLIC.

Permit me to call your undivided attention to an invention lately made and patented by myself, which is calculated to produce the most beneficial results, and prove of inestimable value to mankind. It is well known that the sewing-machines now so generally in use, are the most important invention and greatest blessing of the age. Every lady considers this instrument indispensable to her happiness; it has completely usurped the place of the piano-forte and harp in all well-regulated families; and she who once purchased materials for clothing by the yard, now procures them by the piece or bolt to enjoy the rational pleasure of easily making them into garments.

In the humble cabin of the laborer, and in the halls of the rich and great, now resounds from morning until night, the whirr of the sewing-machine. The result of this universal grinding, although eminently gratifying to the sellers of dry goods, and the philanthropic fathers and husbands who discharge their bills, has not been of a favorable nature to our ladies in a physical point of view. It is found that the constant use of the crank has brought on rheumatic and neuralgic affections in the shoulder, and a similar application of the treddle has a tendency to produce hip diseases, and white swelling of the knee-joint, accompanied by nervous complaints of a painful character. The undersigned is acquainted with a most estimable single lady of middle age, who, having procured one of the fast-running machines, was so enchanted with it, that she persisted in its use for thirty-six hours without cessation, and found, on endeavoring to leave off, that her right leg had acquired the motion of the treddle in such a painful manner, that it was impossible to keep it still, and her locomotion therefore assumed a species of polka step exceedingly ludicrous to witness, and particularly mortifying to herself. I regret to add that she was compelled, by a vote of the society, to withdraw from the Methodist Church, on a charge of dancing down the broad aisle on a Communion Sunday. A more melancholy instance was the case of Mrs. Thompson of Seekonk, a most amiable lady, beloved and respected by all around her, but who, by constant use of the crank, lost all control of the flexors and extensors of her right arm, and inadvertently punched her husband in the eye, which, he being a man of suspicious and unforgiving disposition, led to great unhappiness in the family, and finally resulted in the melancholy case of Thompson *vs.* Thompson, so familiar to most of the civilized world. A turn for mechanism, and an intense desire to contribute to the happiness of the female sex, have ever been distinguishing traits in my character. On learning these facts, therefore, I devoted myself to a thorough investigation of the subject, and after a month of close application, have at last made an invention which will at once do away with every thing objectionable in the use of the sewing-machine.

This beautiful discovery is now named

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Like most great inventions, the Attachment is of great simplicity. An upright shaft is connected with the machine by a cog-wheel and pinion, and supported below by a suitable frame-work. Two projecting arms are attached to the shaft, to one of which a large cat is connected by a light harness, and from the other, a living mouse is suspended by the tail, within a few inches of the nose of the *motor*. As the cat springs toward the mouse, the latter is removed, and keeping constantly at the original distance, the machine revolves with great rapidity. The prodigious velocity produced by the rapacity of the cat in its futile endeavors to overtake the mouse, can only be imagined by one who has seen the Attachment in full operation.

It is thus that man shows his supremacy over the brute creation, by making even their rapacious instincts subservient to his use.

Should it be required to arrest the motion of the machine, a handkerchief is thrown over the mouse, and the cat at once pauses, disgusted.

Remove the handkerchief and again she springs forward with renewed ardor. The writer has seen one cat (a tortoise-shell) of so ardent and unwearying disposition, that she made eighteen pairs of men's pantaloons, two dozen shirts, and seven stitched shirts, before she lay down exhausted. It is to be hoped that the ladies throughout the land will avail themselves of this beautiful discovery, which will entirely supersede the use of the needle, and make the manufacture of clothing and household materials a matter of pleasure to themselves, and exciting and healthy exercise to their domestic animals.

N.B. Young and docile cats will be supplied with the attachment.

JOHN PHŒNIX.

AURAL EDUCATION.—Ordinary operas are in their way a pleasant pastime, and do not need much stretching of the ears or straining of the mind to comprehend their purport. But such music as was written by Mozart and Cherubini demands a higher faculty rightly to enjoy it, and a far more lasting pleasure is derived from its enjoyment. Men who have the ears of Midas, and whose minds are made to match, may think that operas are written simply to be yawned through, and may view them as a proper undercurrent for mere small talk. But a little careful hearing of the music which Mozart wrote must convince a man with brains that ideas may reach the mind by other channels than mere words, and that the mental faculties are bettered by receiving them. Happy is the man who can derive the greatest pleasure from the various enjoyments this varying world affords; and men who think that music is only meant to dance to, or be fashionably chatted through, may, by attentive hearing of Mozart and Cherubini, soon learn that a much higher enjoyment may be gleaned from it. By education of the ear great pleasure may be gained; and no one is so fit to complete this education as one of the old masters. The more good music one hears, the more one learns to relish it; and they who really do so, when they hear the *Magic Flute*, are sure to be enchanted with it.—*Punch.*

ROYAL SIAMESE TWINS.—The two kings of Siam have been "decorated" by the Emperor Napoleon. The French Consul at Bangkok, M. Aubaret, by command of the Emperor, conferred the ribbon of the Legion of Honor upon the kings, and the diplomas, being considered as the Emperor's autographs, were each received by a salute of twenty-one guns. A procession of boats, laden with soldiers in every variety of costume, and having the royal war elephants on board, was striking and picturesque. The kings wore crowns of diamonds and the insignia of the order. At the foot of the throne the princes of the royal family and high dignitaries of the crown remained during the ceremony prostrated on magnificent carpets. After a state dinner the kings requested M. Aubaret to transmit their letters of thanks to his Majesty, accompanied by the insignia of the order of the White Elephant, a royal ring and scarf, also three diamond and ruby bracelets to the Empress.

UNCERTAINTY.

For the Certain and Sure let philosophers seek;
Oh! give me Uncertainty, ere my heart break.
Sure and certain's the past, but it's all dead and cold
The grave has closed over it, and the knell tolled;
In the future's long vista what sees my sad eye?
Nothing sure, nothing certain, but that all must die:
While with visions of happiness, promise of joys,
Dear Uncertainty onwards our tired steps decoys,
In both hands holds out to us long life and health,
Power, friends, pleasure, honor, and wisdom and wealth;
And clothed in the star-spangled mantle of Faith,
Triumphantly points through the portals of Death
To a bright world beyond, where, with all we loved ever
We shall live reunited, to part again never.
For the Certain and Sure let philosophers seek;
Oh! give me Uncertainty, ere my heart break.

(*From the Pall-Mall Gazette.*)

CURIOUS LITERARY SQUABBLE.

Very surprising is the recklessness and folly of vanity when aflame. Men usually amiable and veracious become bitter and untruthful in defence of their wounded *amour propre*; and men who are neither reticent nor scrupulous in milder moments become incapable of hesitation, and make the wildest assertions which must lead to their exposure. M. Emile de Girardin has been all his life an insolent journalist, and having been stung by the cruel kindness of Alex. Dumas, Fils, who made his unactable play a success, he wrote a preface, the angry preface of an insolent writer in the agonies of humiliated self-love, in which, not content with exhaling his wrath in sarcasms and soothing his wounds with plastering self-praise, he rashly ventured on certain statements of the fact, which turned out to be statements *a la Girardin*. The public laughed at his preface, and laughed at his sorrows: but Alex. Dumas has published a pamphlet—*Histoire du Supplice d'une Femme*—which is one of the most amusing and punishing replies ever written. We will retell this history in outline.

M. Girardin wrote to M. Dumas, asking him if he would come to dine, and after dinner listen to a drama read to a select circle of friends. Dumas went, and found himself in a well chosen party of journalists, men of the world, and women; a public in miniature. After dinner the reading began. At the close of the first act no one spoke. In fact the idea of the piece was "dangerous," and the way in which it was presented made it still more so. "*L'acte était mal fait, commençant par où il aurait dû finir et finissant mal.*" This was the judgment of an experienced dramatist. "*Cependant,*" he adds, "*il y avait une donnée, prise sous les rideaux de la vie conjugale. C' était audacieux, vrai, et inadmissible.*" Precisely the subject that demanded the most skillful treatment.

M. Girardin read the second act. On arriving at the great situation of the piece, where the guilty wife presents her lover's letter to the husband, M. Girardin paused, and turning to M. Dumas, said, "*Eh bien?*" The reply was full of sense: "*J'Attends.*" The experienced dramatist understood perfectly what the author—who certainly was not a dramatist, but who fancied a drama could be written like a newspaper—could not understand at all, namely, that a situation is not a plot. A plot has a beginning, a middle, and an end—an exposition, a development, and a denouement. To get hold of a situation is one thing, and requires no art; the art is to prepare it, to make it acceptable, to make it seem true, and, above all, to lead it to a conclusion. Now M. Girardin had not the faintest conception of how this was to be done; his drama was impossible, and even the friends, in spite of their reticences and insincerities, could not help making him feel that his dénouement was unactable.

As it was only the *dénouement* which polite friends felt themselves safe in condemning, the author imagined it easy to find another, and begged his young friend Dumas to find it. The next day Dumas called on him and said he thought the situation might be converted into a play. Girardin was delighted, asked him to undertake the task, and sent him the manuscript. I tried to make some cuts and suggest a few alterations. In vain. The work was too confused, too crowded, too compact. As at Herculaneum, impossible to find the city beneath the lava. Better to build a new one by the side." In a couple of days he read to the author the commencement of the first act, as it was finely performed, and so pleased was Girardin that he begged him to continue to consider himself as *collaborateur* and sharer of profits and responsibility. In fact, he gave Dumas *carte blanche* adding, "*J'ai fait trois fois mal cette pièce, faites la bien une.*" It is important to bear this fact in mind.

Acting on this understanding, Dumas rewrote the piece as if it were his own. On reading it, its original author exclaimed: "*Ce n'est plus ma pièce;*" and doubtless a very strange struggle then began in his breast: on the one side was the vanity of the author eager for success, no matter how purchased; on the other side, the vanity of the author painfully humiliated at the sight of his darling robbed of its curls, its colors; its features altered, its disposition changed. When one thinks of the sensitiveness of authors on the point of "improvements," and how little they thank their improvers, one feels some sympathy with M. Girardin at seeing his piece metamorphosed. But his course was plain. Either he should have loyally accepted the collaboration, or he should have said, "No, my piece shall be played; it must succeed or fail by itself." He did neither. He made two or three insignificant additions, and sent the manuscript to the theatre, merely remarking that his original extended to eighty-six pages and the new version only to forty-eight, not even then seeing that the mere difference of time by the greater rapidity of the action would of itself greatly aid the success of a piece which could not stand reflection. He forwarded it to the theatre with this note: "*Mon cher Directeur: Voici le nouveau manuscrit. Dumas est sur d'un grand succès. Lisez, et dites moi si vous êtes de son avis.*" One seems to read here the desire to have a contradiction: the author would so gladly have heard his collaborateur pronounced wrong! But no; the answer came, and it was confident of success.

Irritated vanity was not to be appeased even by the prospect of success. Without saying a word to his collaborateur, without even showing him what he had done after it was done, Girardin, steady in the conviction that what he had written must be better than what Dumas had written, maintained as much as he could of the old version, mingled old and new, changed the *dénouement*, and read in the green-room this strange hodge-podge. Nor did he say a word to his collaborateur about this, Dumas who knew the fact, was silent: because, inasmuch as he was not going to sign the piece, he left the whole responsibility with Girardin.

The piece was about to be put in rehearsal, when the director, having a well-grounded fear of the latest version that had been presented, begged Dumas to bring his manuscript, in order to compare the two in Girardin's presence. The director and Regnier severally read aloud the two versions to the listening authors. It was then that Dumas learned the extent and nature of the changes. "*Je n'en fus pas blessé, j'en fus effrayé.*" A long discussion ensued, which was closed by Girardin's decision to accept his rival's version: and by his consent, Dumas directed the rehearsals. At one of these rehearsals, Girardin was present and having heard the first act, went away, apparently very much pleased, and begging Dumas to look after the rehearsals as sedulously as he could.

When it was ready for representation the irate author who, though silenced, had never been convinced, came to witness a complete rehearsal. At the close the director asked him what he thought of it. This produced an explosion of pent up anger. Rising, he said aloud, in the face of the astonished actors: "If I were the sole master I would withdraw the piece; I think it detestable." The wretched vanity of the man which made him forget every consideration of decency, did not, however, make him forget to take all the tickets, and to sell the copyright of this work, which he refused to acknowledge as his own. Knowing as we do, how unscrupulous a maddened *amour propre* often becomes, we need not wonder at the flimsy and flagrant misrepresentations M. Girardin put forth in his preface, and which M. Dumas has exposed in this reply. Those who are curious in the quarrels of authors may hunt them up; we content ourselves with the one epigram which Dumas lets fall at the close of his amusing pamphlet—that if M. Girardin prefers being hissed to being applauded, it is a "*fantasie qu'il se passera facilement quand il n'aura plus de collaborateur.*"

WHO SEEKS TO PL ASE.

Ill hath he chosen his part who seeks to please
The worthless world. Ill hath he chosen his part;
For often must he wear the look of ease
When grief is in his heart.
And often in his hours of happiest feeling,
With sorrow must his countenance be hung;
And, ever his own bitter thoughts concealing,
Must he in hollow grandeur's praise be loud,
And to the errors of the ignorant crowd
Assent with lying tongue.
Thus much would I conceal, that none should know
What secret cause I have for silent woe.
And taught by many a melancholy proof
That those whom fortune favors she pollutes,
I, from the blind and faithless worship aloof,
Nor fear its envy, nor desire its praise,
But choose my path through solitary ways.

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